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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

A ROYAL WOOING THAT HAS BEEN LONG A-DOING.

The Secret History Behind the Betrothal of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife.

All the world is revelling in the "romance" of Prince Arthur and the young Duchess of Fife, and everybody wishes them the truest happiness. But very few know the anxiety which the Royal Family have had over this *affaire* for years past. If one were to judge by the papers, the couple suddenly found themselves "violently in love"; told their people; waited upon the King for his consent as head of the family; and, having received the Monarch's congratulations, rushed into print as warm-hearted and foolish young lovers so often do, anxious for all the world to learn of the wonder that had been worked! But there is nothing wonderful at all about it. We are able to give the first true account of the Connaught-Fife betrothal. Prince Arthur "popped the question" to the Duchess of Fife, entirely at the instigation of his people, on the Princess's twentieth birthday over three years ago. The young Duchess then said that she "could not make up her mind," and Prince Arthur decided to wait. He said there was no hurry, and that so long as she loved no other he was content.

What was the fact, however, was that the Royalties were determined that the Duke of Fife's million of money should not go out of the family, while Prince Arthur was the one prince, after the young Battenbergs, who could secure for the Duchess of Fife that high position, and that happy environment within her own country, which the King and his sister, the young Duchess's mother, so much desired. Since then the expediency of the marriage has been constantly brought to the Duchess's notice, and the greatest care has been taken that no opportunity was given the Duchess of Fife of "falling in love." That's how it was that Lady Salisbury's ball was nearly delayed the other night. Our readers will remember that in these columns on June 12th, under the heading of "Queries" this question was asked:

> Whether the Princess Royal is not a trifle too careful of her young daughters, and whether it was not a little hard to have kept Lady Salisbury in suspense about their attendance at her ball until within one day of its occurrence, seeing that the attendance of Royalty means that full decorations must be worn by everyone instead of ordinary evening attire. What Lady Salisbury said when at last H.R.H.'s reply came, although it was in the affirmative.

The secret of this delay in regard to Lady Salisbury's invitation is now out. It was not until the Duchess of Fife had given her final answer to Prince Arthur that her mother, the Princess Royal, would permit her to go to Lady Salisbury's, which, be it remembered, was almost the biggest [illegible] of the season, and where only the best people were to be found. It was under nothing less than a species of coercion that the Duchess's consent was won, not because she has a personal objection to her cousin, but simply because she is still a child in regard to love, and no *grande passion* has yet assailed her gentle and innocent heart.

The Duchess of Fife is to be sincerely congratulated. She, however, for Prince Arthur is a very smart and dapper fellow and certainly the greatest *parti* in Britain to-day. I hear that Princess Henry of Battenberg is very sick at the announcement of Prince Arthur's success, as she has been counting upon her son Alexander eventually securing the Duchess of Fife and her immense fortune. The Battenbergs will practically have to "work for their living" in the Royal Navy, as they are not too well off, although it is well known that Queen Victoria provided handsomely for the children of her favourite daughter, though a large portion of this fortune went to Spain with Princess Ena. The wedding of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife will, I hear, take place at Windsor in October. The actual date depends upon the King's engagements.

* * *

A Royal Secret: How the Heir-Apparent Diddled the Nation.

Where is the Prince of Wales? "In Germany, of course," you say. But he isn't! For the first time in his life Pragger Wagger isn't "in the picture"! He has diddled the public. No one will blame him for that. He has disappeared, not exactly from human ken, but absolutely from the ken of the public over whom he is some day to reign. It is intended that the Prince shall develop into another King Edward, and the beginning has been made. His Royal Highness is going to learn things for himself. He has gone for his first jaunt abroad as a man o' the world, unaccompanied by tutors and equerries, and determined to enjoy himself in his own way. The last time he was in Europe by a correspondent of *Modern Life* His Royal Highness was—now, where do you think? Well, it was Marienbad, where in days gone by King Edward drove from Europe to the pine hills to watch him strut along the Kaiserchenplatz and climb the pine-clad slopes in a bright [illegible] shirt, and a green Homburg hat with a perky feather at the side, and where quite a group of pretty shop-girls [illegible] delicious memories of the genial "Duke of Lancaster." [illegible] had a fresh card with that inscription engraved in Marienbad every year. We do not suggest that the "Prince Wagger" has gone so far out of his way in order to court the lasses who loved his grandsire (knowing Marienbad and its pretties well, we shouldn't blame him if he had!) What actually is the case, however, is of a much more prosaic character. But interesting, all the same.

* * *

Why the Prince Has Gone to Marienbad.

For several years King Edward forsook Homburg for the Austrian pine hills. Homburg felt his loss, of course, for it is an old-established spa, and it survived the loss of His Majesty's patronage. But with Marienbad it was different. Marienbad is comparatively new. During the palmy days of Edouard d'Angleterre Marienbad counted upon receiving thirty thousand visitors every season. Now, twenty thousand would be a generous estimate. King George has no fancy for German and Austrian spas. Nor has Queen Mary. But Marienbad was the cementing place of no end of [illegible] feeling towards Britain, owing to the immense popularity of King Edward there. And now that the Peacemaker no longer lives and his august son does not go abroad [illegible] autumn, Marienbad is in a bad way. So steps have been taken to rectify Marienbad's decline, and, in April [illegible] there came over to London a very old friend of King Edward's, with the object of bringing Marienbad's case before King George. The friend was Prince Trauttmansdorf (whose estate of Bischofsteinitz is near Pilsen (where lager comes from), and about forty miles from Marienbad). In the days of yore Prince Trauttmansdorf always provided King Edward with some very good sport in his coverts, and so Marienbad relied upon His Highness to do the [illegible] thing with his influence in London. And to the best of his ability the Prince did it. He urged upon King George the diplomatic and international importance of His Majesty's maintaining the custom set by King Edward, and offered His Majesty the same hospitality and welcome which his illustrious father had received.

Leading Lady: "I have been rehearsing for five weeks' and haven't received anything in the way of salary."!
Stage Manager; "You know the rule, Miss de Vere, 'No pay for rehearsals'."
Leading Lady "Well, pay me for two weeks' rehearsals and I will throw the run of the piece in."

King George Never Goes Abroad in August.

King George refused to go to Marienbad. He knew, though he did not tell Prince Trauttmansdorff so, that the form of the King of England going to Germany and Austria every August had its drawbacks. His late Majesty gave up Homburg because he was too popular, and Continentals gave him no rest. He went to Marienbad because it was small and obscure, and he hoped for peace. Marienbad, however, turned out to be worse than Homburg. Several times His Majesty was positively mobbed. Unfortunately mobbed, of course, but mobbed. It was so that one year that the Mayor of Marienbad issued a request to the public to give their distinguished visitor a little respite from their gaping. It was no good, however. King Edward was "too popular." And King George has no intention of setting a custom which would give offence if discontinued. So Prince Trauttmansdorf went back to Austria disappointed. But he had one solace. The King had promised him that the Heir-Apparent should be seen in Marienbad this summer. (And the promise has just been kept. The Prince of Wales has been recognised upon the Kreuzbrunner Platz with a glass of Kreuzbrunner water in his hand, and in the evening he was seen in merry mood at the Kursaal drinking innocuous Munich beer with some German friends. No ladies were in the party. But we cannot help wondering where the Pragger Wagger will turn up next.

* * *

The Augean Stables of Royal England.

Lord Huntingfield has been trying to cleanse the Augean stables in a very literal sense upon his estates at Saxmundham. Boldly his Lordship has submitted to an action for libel over his efforts to put an end to an alleged low liaison between one of his oldest tenants and a horse-keeper's wife. If all that has been said be true, the Saxmundhum district of Suffolk is "a hot shop." And we can believe it. Those quiet rural parts of England, where everybody is supposed to be fast asleep in bed by nine o'clock, are often the most immoral spots in the country. Saxmundham isn't far from Peasenhall, where, it will be remembered, a very remarkable murder took place some years ago, when the pillar of the village chapel was accused of murdering a kitchen-wench with whom he had been upon unholy terms for years. Gardiner got off, because Mr. Justice Grantham, after two tries, failed to find a Suffolk jury that would convict the accused. There was a terrible storm on the night of the murder, but through the rain and the darkness there were others besides the murderer who saw that little candle flickering in the farmhouse window that told the girl's lover that the coast was clear. Years before, the deacon had been called over the coals by the good people of the chapel in consequence of his illicit connection with the unfortunate girl, but, family man though he was, he would not leave off his evil ways, and the time came when only the girl's death could avert his ultimate disgrace. The perpetrator of the Peasenhall tragedy is still at large, because Suffolk was too ashamed of itself to admit that the village carpenter or anybody else committed the crime.

* * *

What Happened After the Bury St. Edmund's Ball.

However, all the naughtiness in Suffolk isn't confined to the farm hands. If some of the big folk of Suffolk were to indulge in a moral spring cleaning there they would re-

quire a tolerably big broom. Such quiet and unsophisticated spots as Bury St. Edmunds, Eye, and Saxmundham, have lots of secrets that never penetrate to the great world of London. There is a good baronet who has had a favourite cook for many years, and nothing will induce him to part with her, albeit she is so cheeky to her doting employer. And it is not her culinary skill which is her greatest recommendation. Lord Huntingfield, too, could tell some nutty stories of life in out-of-the way Suffolk, an' he would. So could his Lordship's charming niece, Louise Vanneck. It was the Huntingfields who took the Borwicks to the Bury St. Edmunds ball. It was no fault of theirs, of course, that Sir Robert Borwick's relations failed so lamentably to "hit it off." The trouble was, that apart from a little electioneering, Georgie Borwick had nothing to do but criticise his little American wife.

* * *

American Heiresses Very Difficult to Manage.

Anyway, the Bury ball did it. Captain Brown was there, and he opened a new vista for the Cumberland barrister's neglected spouse. George Borwick got "the pip," and went off to Norway. His wife went to St. Moritz. That was the end of the Borwick menage. Mrs. Borwick kept good friends with Sir Robert in Cumberland, however, and there she went for a stay, as a nice solitary spot where Captain Brown wouldn't be much noticed. Louise Vanneck was with them, and her uncle, Lord Huntingfield, must have had some spicy letters while the romance was fructifying. The Borwicks were, of course, well known at Heveningham Hall, Lord Huntingfield's place in Suffolk, and, in fact, Mrs. Borwick has since found for Lord Huntingfield's heir-presumptive an American heiress who is still little more than a bride. They were all out at the Durbar in India together, and Lord Huntingfield did his best to make peace between the Borwicks, though his efforts were not always received in the spirit in which they were offered. Heiresses from New York are admittedly difficult to get along with at the best of times, but when they are in love with another man—well, the split is inevitable.

Lord Huntingfield is, or was, a smart Colonel of Coldstream Guards, and is not above a bit of fun himself, albeit he is on the wrong side of seventy. Not that *his* head was ever in Mrs. Borwick's lap! Oh, dear no. His Lordship left that to the gay Captain. Mrs. Borwick is a very fascinating woman, and wherever she goes she leaves piquant memories. From the Caledonian Hotel at Inverness to the white slopes of St. Moritz they still dream of her, and the echoes of the Captain's merry jests and Mrs. Borwick's trilly laughter still linger upon the cool night air.

SOCIETY QUERIES.

Whether there is not considerable disappointment in Salford that the King did not knight the Mayor?

* * *

Whether Sir Max Waechter, having provided entertainment on his yacht to the Danish Royal Family, will not now do the like for the Tsar and the German Emperor? And whether Sir Max's charming young wife is not having a ripping time of it?

* * *

Whether the young Grand Duchess Irene of Russia would not like to marry a certain English earl, and settle down in this country? And whether her grandmother, the Dowager Grand Duchess, is not determined that she shall not wed his Lordship?

* * *

Whether Mrs. Stickney is satisfied with her French prince, and whether the lady is not already finding being "Your Highness" rather a bore? And whether the newest of the American princesses is not already determined to live permanently in London?

* * *

Why the Earl of Berkeley is never seen in Society? And whether it is not the fact that his Lordship's retirement at Boar's Hill, Oxford, is an obligatory one?

* * *

Why the Lansdowne family refrained from attendance at Lord Farquhar's Unionist garden party at the White Lodge?

* * *

Where is the Duchess of Devonshire? And if her Grace is not a little tired of her arduous duties as Mistress of the Robes?

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Health Alarmists Again.

It is a marvel how we all manage to keep alive, seeing that almost everything we eat is infected by microbes, everything we drink is deadly to the constitution, everything we wear has a prejudicial effect upon some part of our anatomy, and the air we breathe is about the most fatal of the lot—to say nothing about the perils of dodging motor cars and 'buses, though perhaps these two adjuncts of civilisation might be included in the "air we breathe" department. The latest scare is a combination of the clothes we wear and the air we breathe terrors. We learn, from Paris, that the clothes-brush is nothing less than a horrible assassin. When your wife gives that dainty flick around the collar of your coat before you leave your suburban mansion in the mornings, she is, wittingly or unwittingly, letting loose a swarm of ferocious bacilli which will batten on your blood while you are at work. It seems that these bacilli are particularly fond of human clothing as a place to rest their weary heads. If left alone they depart this world in fifteen days or so nicely and quietly, without making any unnecessary trouble. But if disturbed by a clothes brush they get cross, and bite lumps out of everybody within reach, with the consequence that scarlet-fever, and typhoid, and mumps, and that tired feeling soon get in their deadly work. City men should be particularly careful to shun the brush, for it appears that a Dr. Chausse has succeeded in communicating disease to three guinea pigs by brushing pieces of cloth near them. It is a hard world. The only thing left seems to be to go in for the simple life, and wear nothing at all.

* * *

The Picture Show Scare.

Last week, also, we have had warnings of the fate awaiting the frequenters of picture palaces, a different fate from that foreshadowed in the usual outcry against the "movies" —that they are creating a nation of excitable, emotional "cry babies," whose feelings lie all over the surface, and that oculists of the near future will reap a rich harvest repairing eyesight damaged by the flickering pictures. Now we are told, by the Sanitary Congress, that there is serious danger to public health owing to insufficient ventilation, and also because the lighting of picture shows is inefficient and the rooms are "given no opportunity of purification by the sunlight." We should like to know any theatre, music-hall, or concert-room even, which does get purified by sunlight. And as for insufficient lighting it appears that the faddists wish to strike a deadly blow at the kinema, for it is the obscurity which attracts about one-half its regular clientele—the "spooney" couples who find a picture hall far more fun than walking about dismal deserted streets in the rain. We are always inclined to distrust alarmists, who are continually finding something wrong with the amusements of the poor—for, of course, it is the cheaper make-shift kinemas which are attacked.

* * *

Why Kinemas are Popular.

The great, and still increasing, popularity of the kinematograph, is exceedingly easy of explanation. It affords a cheap, easy, and delightful means of amusement to many thousands whose dull drab lives have hitherto done little to brighten them. It has already become a form of

PEOPLE WHO BORE US: No. 6.—The golfer who takes an hour over each putt.

rival to the gin palaces, and it keeps off the streets, for a time at any rate, thousands of children and grown ups who would otherwise have to find their whole recreation amid the too-familiar environment of the wretched slums where they pass their lives. All the croaking in the world will not eliminate these great facts, and though we do not deny that many of the picture shows are held in quite unsuitable places, still, even these are better than none at all. Moreover, this sort of thing will right itself in time, and the blame does not lie with the proprietors of such places, but with the authorities who have licensed them, and thus created vested rights which cannot lightly be taken away.

* * *

How to Make Babies Sleep.

It is a curious fact that remedies for all manner of ills to which flesh is heir, almost invariably come from people who have never experienced them. It is usually the rich man who can tell you off-hand a cure for all the grievances which beset the poor, and who always knows that these grievances and annoyances are nothing like so terrible as those which beset people in his own walk of life. Thus it is quite in keeping with the order of things that a lady of title should discover the best way of dealing with crying babies. People who can afford nursemaids, and who see their offspring at more or less rare intervals, will naturally be accepted as authorities on infantile vagaries. Anyhow, Lady Balfour of Burleigh may be an exception to the usual society mother, and we should not like to do her an injustice, but we certainly do not think much of her infallible specific for making screaming babies go to sleep. All that is required is to place the infant in bed with its head slightly lower than the feet. Quite simple! So simple, in fact, that the method should, one would imagine, have been discovered long ago. There have been babies ever since the Garden of Eden, presumably, and yet the centuries have rolled past until the present day before mankind has had the sense to try and discover the virtues of a simple little expedient like this. Prodigious!

* * *

To Cure a Broken Heart.

We seem to have struck a vein of things medical this week, and there is still another marvellous discovery affecting human life with which we wish to deal. According to the papers a Paris surgeon, Dr. Bonchon, has discovered that a person who has died from an accident to the heart may be restored to life again if treated at once. If your heart is broken, all that is necessary is to sew it up again, pump in a serum, and massage the region of the injury. Then you take on a fresh lease of life and proceed on your way as if nothing had happened. It is rather unfortunate that after the marvellous piece of surgery which Dr. Bonchon has reported to the Academy of Science and the French Surgical Society, the patient died—from something else, of course. That is the worst of these marvellous, epoch-making surgical operations. The operation is successful, invariably, but the patient too frequently goes and dies—from some comparatively unimportant minor ailment—out of sheer cussedness.

* * *

The Suffrage Pilgrimage.

We have not a word to say against the pilgrimage to London organised by the women's suffrage societies, the non-militants, and we think some of the daily newspapers are very ill-advised to poke fun at it. It is at any rate a legitimate demonstration, and if people who think they have grievances cannot demonstrate in an orderly way, what are they to do? We understand that the pilgrims, coming from all parts of the compass, met with very sympathetic receptions on the way, and certainly women have shown that they do know how to organise a great public demonstration, both on this and other occasions. From its nature we believe the pilgrimage is about as fine a method of propaganda as could be devised, and if the many meetings in different districts succeed in creating a demand for the vote outside a limited clique of women who don't very much matter, then we imagine the vote will not be long in coming. The mistake with the many women's suffrage societies in the past—as we have said before—is that they imagined they could secure their ends by holding meetings among themselves. Unfortunately for them the time is not now opportune for the spade work of spreading their doctrines to the general public, as the frenzied behaviour of the militants has created hostility which will be long in disappearing.

Honours for Sailors.

The London correspondent of a leading provincial journal makes the interesting suggestion that the onerous duties and the splendid services of officers in the mercantile marine might fittingly have been recognised by the King during his memorable visit to Liverpool, conferring a knighthood upon the captain of the "Mauretania." The suggestion is not without its point, seeing that so many fine things have been done in recent years by officers of merchant vessels, without any greater recognition than perhaps a presentation from underwriters at Lloyds whose pockets have been saved by the skill and bravery of the sailor. When one remembers that Britain's strong position in the mercantile world is largely due to the labours of captains and officers in the mercantile service, and that the Navy in time of war will draw largely upon their services, it does seem strange that the profession has not hitherto been honoured by Royalty, and this can only be ascribed to the fact that sailormen are unable to advertise themselves, and thus have to take a back seat when honours are dealt out to the swarms of money-grabbing nobodies whose only recommendation is their subscriptions to party funds. Perhaps now that liners are being armed the skippers will have better luck.

* * *

A Fee-Snatching Amateur.

Various papers have been hinting at the identity of the famous lady lawn tennis player who is in the habit of demanding a fee for giving an interview to the press. We have good reason for stating that the lady in question is Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who, owing to the accident to Mrs. Macnair, had a walk-over this year for the Ladies' Cham-

TICKLED.

pionship. Mrs. Chambers, we understand, justifies her charge for an interview on the ground that she is a busy writer on lawn tennis and therefore her time is valuable. We fear Mrs. Chambers is in the wrong. If she is a professional journalist she ought not as a matter of journalistic etiquette to demand a fee for giving an interview to another journalist. In any case, what about her amateur status as a player? Apparently she is directly making money out of her lawn tennis prowess, and we can hardly believe that the Lawn Tennis Association is aware of and sanctions her procedure. Of course, Mrs. Chambers is not the only offender in the athletic world. Every sporting journalist is aware that there are scores of "amateurs" in various sports who make money by putting their names to articles they have never written or charging a fee for an interview. The Amateur Football Association have a rule that a member of the Council shall not take payment for contributions or communications to the press, and we should like to see this rule extended to all amateur sportsmen, except those who are also bona-fide journalists. Meanwhile we invite the Lawn Tennis Association to tell us whether they approve of Mrs. Chambers's practice of asking a fee for giving an interview?

* * *

"F.E." and the Cabinet.

Apropos promised promotions to the Opposition Front Bench, it is said that when Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., became a Front Bencher he was asked whether he would accept the Solicitor Generalship *when* his party returned to power. "Not without a seat in the Cabinet," he is reported to have replied. The Attorney General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, has, of course, a seat in the Cabinet, but when it was given him it was expressly announced that this was not to constitute a precedent. Personally, we think that the fewer lawyers in the Cabinet the better, but it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Smith will prevail, though we may have to wait a long time to see it. Incidentally promotion to the Front Bench is not always an unmixed blessing. The private member can choose his time and topic for debate, but the Front Bencher has to speak to order, and the results are sometimes unfortunate. Mr. Smith on Welsh Disestablishment, Sir Rufus Isaacs on Home Rule are cases in point.

* * *

Capture of the Tower.

Evidently there is nothing sacred from the enterprise of picture film manufacturers. Next thing we shall be having a special sitting of the House of Commons, with a Suffragette interlude of pop-guns and pea-flour, or a book-throwing episode by Mr. Ronald McNeill, arranged so that people in all parts of the Empire may have an impressive assurance of the dignity with which legislation in this country is conducted. Or, perhaps, the "Merry Wives" will be filmed in the precincts of Windsor with the King and his suite acting as supers. Or, again, a State funeral in Westminster Abbey might occur to the filmers as a fine subject for their energies, the whole business being carefully worked up for the occasion with a dummy coffin and accessories. Really, we should like to know where and when this kind of thing is going to stop. Last week we had an invasion of the Tower by a motley crowd of actors and supers playing in "Ivanhoe" at the Lyceum, and the old walls and gateways of the historic fortress were the scene of a mimic battle, what time dummy corpses were flung from the battlements, and the Beefeaters rubbed their eyes at this profanation of their sacred precincts. We want to know how and why the film makers received permission to make use of the Tower, and why such strenuous efforts were made to hush up the whole affair. Was it because there was something stealthy and underhand about the matter, or was the secrecy merely a commercial precaution in view of the known fact that a rival firm of film manufacturers had been engaged for some weeks in making an "Ivanhoe" film at Chepstow Castle? At any rate, there was something "fishy" about the business, and we really would like to know what public or private official gave the necessary premission and facilities for this latest capture of the Tower of London.

* * *

Kill-Joys on the War-Path.

There has been a marked recrudescence lately of the activity of Sabbatarian kill-joys whose principal aim in life is to bore the Britisher—not by their talking, of course, for that is a result rather than the object in view—so terribly by the utter deadly dullness of Sundays that he will be obliged to go to church as a relief from the monotony of existence. Vague phrases as to the wickedness of the maligned "Continental Sunday" are freely bandied about by people who have not the faintest idea what a Continental Sunday is, and as usual it is the amusements and recreations of the poorer working-classes with which it is sought to interfere. We do not refer, of course, to the action of the London County Council in prohibiting Sunday golf on the Hainault Forest course, because that is an action quite consistent with the Council's general prohibition of Sunday games, and if golf were permitted there could be no logical excuse for banning cricket or football in more plebeian parks. But we have had a shriek against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays, and an even greater one in Hull directed against an exhibition of flying, as well as many others of minor importance. The question of Sunday games and amusements is a difficult one—and one we have neither space nor inclination to discuss here in any detail—but it is certainly not one that will be solved by labelling all who do not go to church as reprobates and sinners. We quite agree with Lord Haddo that it is quite righteous for a Christian to play games on Sunday, while if a man is not a Christian the Sabbatarians have no right to dictate to him. The best solution of the problem, in our opinion, would be the adoption of the real "Continental Sunday," in which the people spend the morning in religious observances and the rest of the day in rational amusement. In this country the "sinners" don't go to church in the mornings, and the "righteous" do their level best to assure that in return they shall not have the opportunity of obtaining any amusement—rational or otherwise. It is a sad world, my masters.

Most people can talk, but few converse.

* * *

One touch of envy makes a whole street kin.

Military Manœuvres: "Effecting a Conjunction."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

What were the exact words used by the beautiful and prominent actress the other night when her motor car was stopped by the burly policeman? Whether her height wasn't increased by quite two inches while she gave the officer "a piece of her mind"? And whether she intends to take the steps she threatened when he blandly remarked: "You know, these things can't stand so much whiskey!" And *she* was driving. Impertinent policeman!

*

What will be the outcome of the little brunette's voyage to India, and all that happened on the way? Whether the tears on parting with mother were genuine, or the meeting with the handsome young officer quite accidental? What a few of the passengers on board knew, and what those who didn't know said, and what those who said nothing thought? And, lastly, whether it isn't just as well that wood can't speak; otherwise what a tale some of these liners could unfold.

*

That a certain millionaire, who suddenly discovered that he had ancestors, would perhaps have had more success in convincing the friends whom he shows round his picture gallery but for lack of forethought. In ordering a supply of ancestors he told the painter that they must all have a family likeness, forgetting that paternal ancestors and maternal ancestors would not necessarily look like brothers and sisters.

*

Is the gentleman who frequents the Burlington Arcade, and is so often seen in the vicinity of a well-known walking-stick shop, really an officer in the King's Army? And is the moustache he wears of genuine growth? And who is the very smart lady who passes by him with an almost imperceptible wink, and meets him at an adjacent fashionable hotel a few minutes later?

*

We should like to know whether a gigantic evil isn't rampant in almost every colliery in the Midlands, and whether the officials willingly shut their eyes to what is going on under their very faces. Whether some searching investigation isn't necessary, and some drastic remedy demanded?

* * *

What did the head of a prominent firm of London lawyers think when, after spending the best part of nine months travelling all over the Continent collecting evidence for a big divorce case, a telegram reached him stating that the husband and wife "had made friends"? Would not the couple have saved themselves several hundreds of pounds if they had made up their minds about it sooner?

* * *

Why are the green curtains of the Gerrard Street flat always closely drawn? And why does the musical comedy senor pay so many visits to this flat?

* * *

Is it true that the bibulous habits of a certain Labour M.P. are causing much anxiety to his friends and party?

What would the two professional nurses in charge of the elderly male imbecile now staying at a fashionable South Coast watering place say if they heard the remark which is frequently made concerning them: "Who sleeps in the middle?"

* * *

"What's the matter with Harrow?" is a question on a good many tongues just now. We believe that the prevailing slackness of the old school is mainly due to the large percentage of foreigners among the boys.

* * *

The gallant Frenchman (no, not Georges Carpentier) had taken the chorus damsel out to supper in a private room. Supper over, he knelt at her feet, murmuring "Je t'adore, je t'adore." To which she smartly replied, "Shut it yourself, stoopid. Besides, I thought it was locked." See?

She: "When you leave on the train I will throw you a kiss."
He: "But don't you know that it is rude to throw things at people? You should always give them."

* *

That the way some of these young theatrical things are throwing themselves about this summer at their various residences is nothing short of appalling. That swank fairly oozes out of them. That the genius they possess for making money go a long way is to be envied, particularly when we are told that at present the purchasing price of a pound is only sixteen and threepence ha'penny.

* *

That it is really hard lines on the civil servant, until recently holding high office in Ireland, to have been seized with a stroke without warning. That it is equally hard luck not to be able to write, particularly when so many letters of the most intimate and interesting nature require answers. Whether he is not exercising his mind as to whom he could trust with the job. And whether the advice of an old friend "to get a typewriter and use one finger" isn't worth trying at any rate? If the "woman in the case" cares anything like she says she does; and whether as a matter of fact she hasn't been about "fed up" with "Billy" for some time past.

* * *

Did not the jovial Hebrew gentleman, who succeeded in evading the irksome necessity of settling his hotel bill after a most enjoyable week-end at Brighton, become a very solemn 'un when he discovered that he had left behind him a pair of diamond cuff-links of considerable value?

* * *

If he will make any attempt to reclaim the latter, and whether there are not quite a number of hotel proprietors in different parts of the country who would be glad to learn of his whereabouts?

* * *

Whether the Marconi affair has been responsible for several undignified rows in different political clubs, and whether certain members of the Liberal party now "cut" one another when they pass?

THE CRISIS.

A motor-brougham stood drawn up before the entrance to the club-house just out of reach of the stream of yellow light which flowed at frequent intervals from the massive swinging doors.

Wrapped in a quantity of sable furs, and curled into one of its dark, roomy corners, a pretty woman lay deeply engrossed in the novel and fascinating occupation of serious thought.

Laura Desmond had come to a crisis, or so she told herself, in her hitherto hopelessly stereotyped existence, and the fact inspired her with alternate thrills of fearful delight and agonising indecision.

She smiled softly into the darkness as she thought of the man whose touch had first revealed to her the deadly monotony of the life she had been living; first awakened her to a full realisation of her inheritance as a woman.

Louis! Ah, what wild, delicious thrills his name had power to call up within her. Louis, the æsthetic, the poet, the dreamer, the mate for whom her soul had been seeking since the beginning of time? Was it strange that, having found him, her whole outlook upon life should have been changed, that the old order of things which before had satisfied her, should satisfy her no longer? Had he not shown her in language so clear, so convincing, the utter folly of which she had been guilty in wasting herself upon a man who had never appreciated her, a world which had never understood her, and was incapable of ever doing so? In a voice, the softest intonations of which had the power to set her pulses throbbing at a rate to which they had never before attained, she heard herself described as "a dormant intellect, rich in unearthed gems," "a rose-tree languishing in a wilderness," "a palm tree thirsting in desert places," and the subtle poison of poetic flattery sank deep into her guileless soul. For the first time in her life imagination, that most dangerous of all things in a non-intellectual woman, was awake and clamouring within her to substantiate itself into tangible form. And to-morrow! To-morrow was to see the end of the old regime and the beginning of the new.

She shivered nervously, guiltily in her nest of warm wraps, and told herself that she had never been so happy before.

Half an hour passed and the darkness and loneliness of the situation began to weigh upon her naturally nervous temperament. It was too bad, she told herself, of Jack to keep her waiting there so long—on their last evening together, too. That he could scarcely be expected to be acquainted with this last interesting fact, did not occur to her.

Suddenly, as she gazed querulously through the window at the street outside, the heavy doors of the club swung open, and the tall figure of a man was silhouetted for a moment against the yellow glare. The next instant, almost before she had time to realise what was happening, he had hurried towards the car, called out some instructions to the chauffeur, and sprung in beside her. It was too dark to see his face but the figure of which she had caught a momentary outline, was unmistakably that of Louis.

"At last!" he exclaimed, throwing himself back upon the thickly padded cushions. "I was afraid you'd have grown tired of waiting, and driven back to my rooms. The fact is I really couldn't get away earlier—settling up that Nigerian affair with Walford, you know. By the way Desmond was there, haggling with old Bernstein over a diamond necklace or something for his wife. Gad what a fool the man is! I could scarcely keep from laughing in his face. Case of stealing the goose that lays the golden eggs from under his very nose! What? If I only succeed in pulling the affair off all right, I'll see to it that our nest is well feathered, and that my little Delia has plenty of the eggs."

He took one of the woman's hands between his own and fondled it. That it was cold as ivory and unresponsive to his touch he did not appear to remark, nor could he see the blanched face with the wide open, startled eyes that lay back, staring at him through the darkness.

A feeling of mental and physical paralysis had descended suddenly upon Laura Desmond. What was it her lover was saying? His whole manner, his very tones seemed changed towards her. There was an easy familiarity about them that had never been there before. What did he mean by suggesting that she had waited for him; that she might have returned to *his rooms*? Why did he refer to her husband as though he were a stranger to her, and who was Delia? In short, how did he come to be there at all?"

The questions marshalled themselves rapidly in her brain, evolving one ugly, inevitable solution. He had clearly mistaken her for someone else. Rage, indignation, jealousy, struggled together in her breast until she felt that she must suffocate.

"The whole affair's a rotten nuisance," the man beside her was saying. "And if only I could have thought of a better way of getting hold of the necessary lucre, of course I wouldn't have troubled myself about the little fool—you know *that*, don't you? But what better plan could there be? She's in love with me; she'd do anything in the world I wanted her to and—she happens to be one of the wealthiest women in London. Why the thing's as good as done."

He chuckled softly to himself, then, noticing, for the first time his companion's prolonged silence, slipped his arm about her waist and drew her towards him.

"Come, you haven't given me a single kiss yet, and I'm sure I deserve one."

He bent his head to kiss her lips, and at the touch the woman's whole being seemed galvanised into violent action. Tearing herself from his arms she shrank back into her corner as far from him as possible.

"How *dare* you!" she cried.

There was a long pause while the car sped swiftly onward through the night. Then it flashed past a street lamp, and for one brief moment, the faces of both its occupants were revealed to one another.

"I—think—you—have—made—a—mistake," the woman said, very slowly and distinctly, when the veil of darkness had once more dropped between them. In her voice was a new note of dignity and self-possession which had never been there before. "Please have the goodness to leave the car—*instantly*!"

* * *

Ten minutes later, the dark body of the limousine had resumed its position before the doors of the club-house. Within Mrs. Desmond lay cowed and shivering, a pitiful little heap of human frailty, in a tumbled mass of furs and furs. Her brain was completely dazed by the experience through which she had just passed, and in her eyes was an expression of disgust and horror, such as they had never known before, but the tears which hung trembling upon her lashes were tears of unutterable relief.

Minutes, which seemed like hours, dragged slowly before the club doors swung back once more, and a masculine figure, generous in build, and suggestive of virility, sprung quickly down the steps and into the waiting car.

There was a rustle of silk and a little sobbing cry of relief as a slim, fur-clad figure rose and flung itself into the man's arms.

The strain of the past half-hour had been too much for her, and she wept and clung to him almost hysterically.

"Oh, I'm *so* glad you've come," she managed finally to gasp, in reply to her husband's bewildered questioning. "I've been so—so *lonely* out here all by myself."

"Why, what a dear, silly little goose you are," he murmured soothingly. "And what a thoughtless brute I've been to keep you waiting such an age. Forgive me, sweetheart mine! you know I didn't *mean* to be unkind. The fact is I've been buying you a little present—the diamond necklace you've so set your heart upon having. It's rather a fine one. I hope you'll like it."

Something smooth and cold was clasped round her throat in the darkness.

A curious lump in her throat held back the words of gratitude that struggled there, and she only clung to him the more, weeping a little and laughing through her tears. And when he took her bodily into his arms and kissed her on her eyes and mouth and soft, tear-drenched cheeks, she realised beyond a doubt that, at length, she *had* come into the full possession of her woman's inheritance.

GLADYS EVELYN.

JOKES COMPETITION.

The Editor offers a prize of 10s. each week to the reader who sends the Best Joke suitable for illustration. Original and topical jokes will, of course, stand the best chance, but a really good chestnut which has not been out for an age lately will also be in the running. The current issue will be consulted for an idea of the kind of thing we want. The Competition will be judged at noon on Wednesday in each week, and late arrivals will be included among the competitors of the succeeding week. Envelopes or postcards must be marked "Joke Competition," and addressed to the Editor, *Modern Life*, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. The first award will be made next week.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"John, those burglars are in the pantry, at my pies and cake. 'Phone for a policeman quick!"

"I'll 'phone for a doctor—they won't need a policeman."

* * *

Mrs. Quizzy (unable to attend the dinner): Well, Joseph, and what were the ladies' dresses like?

Mr. Quizzy: I really couldn't say. I didn't look under the table.

* * *

"Hush!" said the small sister, as Freddy rushed noisily into the hall. "There are visitors in the drawing-room."

"How do you know?" demanded the budding field-marshal.

"Because I've just heard daddy say, 'Yes, dear,' to mother!" was the prompt reply.

* * *

"What did you do when he kissed you; holler for help?"

"No. I hollered for witnesses."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

* * *

NOT SOLD.

Stranger: Do you keep canned salmon?

Fresh Clerk: No, sir; we sell it.

Stranger: Not always, my friend. You can just keep that dozen cans I was going to buy. Good day.—*Judge.*

* * *

PAWS-ES!

A little boy having his music lesson was asked by his teacher, "What are pauses?"

And the quick response was, "Things that grow on pussy-cats."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

* * *

OUR VILLAGE MATCH.

First Batsman: Why can't yer call when you're coming?

Second Batsman: 'Cause I don't want to put the fielder on his guard.—*Punch.*

* * *

IN THESE DAYS.

Wife: You say you saw Miss Pickleton walking on the Avenue. What did she have on?

Husband: I can't recall.

"Well, she must have had on something."

"Quite possible, my dear; I probably overlooked it."—*Life.*

* * *

CAUGHT.

"Do you know anything about flirting?"

"No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."—*Boston Globe.*

The Remarkable Change a few years have made in Mrs. Jones's Shape.—*Judge.*

She: "For whom are all those flowers?"
He: "For my mother-in-law."
She: "Is she dead at last?"

—*Pages Folles.*

VIEWPOINTS

"You shouldn't be dissatisfied," said the Optimist. "Look at all you have."

"Yes," assented the Pessimist, "but look at all I haven't."—*Judge.*

* * *

OF COURSE.

"What kind of men do you think make the best husbands?"

"Married men."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

* * *

MEDIOCRE.

"How do you like our new clergyman's delivery?"

"It doesn't compare with what the pitcher of our baseball team can do."—*Life.*

* * *

Policeman: Have you a license?

Organ-Grinder: No.

Policeman: Then you'll have to accompany me.

O.-G.: Yes, sair. Vat you sing?"—*Top-Notch.*

* * *

THE INEVITABLE FAULT.

"Wouldn't it be fine to live in clover?" said the Optimist.

"Huh, you'd only get hay fever," said the Pessimist.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * *

HER REWARD.

Goodfellow (with newspaper): Here's an old bachelor in Ohio died and left all his money to the woman who rejected him.

Cynicus: And yet they say there is no gratitude in the world.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

Suffragette: I am looking for something fancy in a man's suit!

The Ribbon Clerk: Not me!—*Life.*

* * *

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Barber: Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

Victim (in chair): Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin' over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brood a great deal too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo it doesn't pay to shave or hair-cut. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Yes."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

What the doctor thought when the very beautiful woman walked into his room saying that as she had heard there was small-pox about, she wished to be vaccinated without delay. "I must ask you to remove your blouse," said he, as he pulled open a drawer and began fumbling among its contents. "You mean my skirt," replied the lady promptly. "I should have said I wished to be done Indian fashion!"

* * *

Whether the good looking man with the Napoleonic cast of face wasn't a bit of a mug to do as the little woman asked him. Whether to wear her husband's pearl stud "just for fun" wasn't asking for trouble? If the kick he received in a somewhat inglorious region wasn't well deserved, and what story he's telling his wife by way of explaining the bruise.

* *

Some women at any rate are philosophers. "Never ask your husband where he's been," said one to another, "it's only encouraging lying."

* *

Whether the man in the street was justified in making his remark *apropos*, the suffragette pilgrims making a march from Carlisle to London. "If there ain't nothing about 'em better looking than their faces, no wonder they wants votes. Nothin' else 'ud have 'em!"

* *

Whether the new rule made at a prominent watering place on the south coast about boys over eight not being allowed in the same bathing box as their mothers isn't about the last thing in prudishness. Oh, we English are a delightfully consistent nation. Why *can't* we be honest to ourselves?

* *

Whether there aren't some wonderful and indeed beautiful exhibitions of female anatomy to be seen daily at Sea View in the Isle of Wight. Whether "sun baths" are not frequently indulged in much to the comfort of the dear fair things who "positively adore the place." And what the b'hoys think? Some of them adore—no, *not* the place, but what they see there!

* * *

The name of the society girl who bathed at Sea View last week attired in a clinging bathing dress of crimson silk, black stockings, and a very chic thing in caps. And whether she didn't fairly revel in the knowledge that no fewer than seventeen glasses were pointed at her. We *counted* seventeen. There may have been others of course.

* * *

Who is the little Jewess commonly known in certain circles as the "Scintillator?" And does she mind?

* * *

Why the mysterious-looking individual, wearing sun glasses, is seen walking up and down so much in front of the Lyceum Club in Piccadilly? What is he looking for? Something ornamental, interesting, useful, or dangerous?

He (trying to make acquaintance): "Lovely evening for a walk!"
She: "I'm rather particular who I walk with."
He: "Oh! You see I'm not. Good evening!"

That the charming young actress was "all there" when she invited the portly stockbroker to her dressing-room saying she was tired to death, and that she had *heard* champagne and stout was a good mixture for banishing fatigue, adding: "I believe I've got a bottle of stout here somewhere."

* * *

Whether the cork, shot from the Strangers' Gallery by a male Suffragist with a toy pistol, was intended as a hint to Sir John Simon to "put the stopper on," and whether it was exaggerating the importance of the incident to take the offender to "Cannon" Row Police Station?

* * *

Whether it requires something more subtle than a mouse-trap to catch an M.P.

* * *

Whether a temperance reformer may be described as a glass stopper?

* * *

Whether the goody-goody people of Hull who objected to Mr. Whitehouse giving an aerial exhibition on a Sunday consider that such a procedure would be "flying in the face of providence"?

* *

Whether a high game of poker means a "good deal" for the winner?

* *

Whether the carpenter Sidney Cook, who told the Bankruptcy Court that he was in the habit of "writing out his accounts on board and planing them off as they were paid" thought that he was shaving money by this method?

* *

Whether the girl gardeners encouraged by the Marchioness of Tullibardine should not prove especially successful manipulating the "hoe"?

* *

Whether the twenty-two ladies who recently played a hockey match at Lee-on-the-Solent may be described as "scratch teams"?

* *

Whether "Milestones" is really on it's last lap?

* *

Whether the [illegible] which theatre manager are now sending round little Miss Daisy Markham are not of an exceptionally tempting nature, and which of them she will eventually accept? and what her salary will be?

* *

Whether the chemist who describes a certain pill of his manufacture as possessing "purgatory qualities" is not a very brave as well as a very honest man?

* * *

Whether the man, who ran half a mile over a hay field to kiss a pretty girl, was justified in excusing himself on the plea that she "wasn't the sort of girl who'd object," and if she was "fast," she was certainly "chased"?

* * *

Whether the British Tar is best left alone if the foreman wishes to keep out of a "mess"?

* * *

Whether a certain charming lady's maid, who had been sent by her mistress to sell Alexandra roses at a given point in the City until she herself was free to take up the position, liked being mistaken for the latter by the wealthy but short-sighted peer, and whether she was at all embarrassed by his very marked attentions?

How matters arranged themselves when "mi'lady" eventually put in an appearance?

* * *

Whether music-hall artists who provoke their audiences to "join in the chorus" should not, at least, be forced to supply refreshment during the interval?

* * *

Whether the promising five-year-old Chili II. is "hot stuff"?

* * *

Whether it is now understood that W.S.P.U. stands for "We Can't Pay Up?"

* * *

[illegible] Suffragettes have come to regard eggs as the [illegible]?

* * *

Whether the girl who attempted, with disastrous results, to get over a stile at Hendon in one of the very latest "directoire" skirts, found that the two "styles" were unsuited to make acquaintance?

* * *

Whether "Maiden Erleigh" will now be re-christened?

* * *

What the foreign congress delegates thought of the post-card seller outside Windsor Castle who, in reply to a casual "Allez-vous-en"! exclaimed indignantly that he would certainly not "sing them a song"?

* * *

Whether Mlle. Mistinguett, the popular actress, who, when [illegible] injured during the production of a cinematograph [illegible] merely "fainted quietly away without any of the other actors realising what had happened," believed in not "making a scene"?

* * *

Whether the *Daily Mail* heading of "Shorter Stays for the Clergy" would suggest that the practice of men wearing corsets has now spread to the cloth?

The Girl: "I wonder you don't try to be a good boy sometimes." The Boy: "Oh, that would never do! I should lose all my popularity."

Mr. Giles—we shall have a very instructive evening at the Parish Hall to-night. There will be a most interesting lecture on 'Quartz' at eight o'clock."
Lar bless ye! Ye doant zay so, zur! Just about the toime us'll be a-drinking of 'em down to the 'Red Cow.'"

Whether girls are now claiming free ankles as well as free hands?

* * *

How "George" likes rolling the lawn of Phyllis Dare's cottage at Herne Bay, and whether the particular form of exercise was recommended by his doctor for the purpose of keeping fit?

* * *

Whether women dentists, said to be on the increase, will succeed in "holding the jaw"?

* * *

Whether the irrepressible Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) has now added yet another branch to her varied accomplishments by joining the ranks of cinema players? And whether the sight of her in this new rôle will bring a "film" before the eyes of countless admirers?

* * *

Whether King George will learn to play the various musical instruments recently presented to him by the youthful King of Buganda, or whether he will hand them over to the Prince of Wales, who must surely be tired of trying to master the bagpipes by now?

* * *

Whether it is a fact that the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is learning to perform the Tango, having expressed his entire approval and appreciation of the much discussed dance?

* * *

How anyone can seriously imagine that newspapers aid digestion, since so many people find it difficult even to swallow the contents?

* * *

Whether women are invariably misunderstood because none of them will try to make themselves plain?

* * *

Whether averred antagonists to the Suffrage cause are now being charged a higher rate for fire insurance than other people?

* * *

Whether the depreciation of the rubber market is to be explained by its loss of "bounce"?

* * *

Whether the literary efforts of Miss Nina Boyle and Miss Gladys Pott, for and against women's suffrage, may be described as "pot-boiling"?

* * *

Whether the circulars of the average money-lender are anything but "square"?

"CHORUS AND CORONETS LIMITED."

"The idea of your spotting me just as I was entering the offices! Fancied I'd grown out of knowledge. I hoped so, at all events. However, here you are. What do you think of the company's environment, Charley? Splendid word, 'environment.'"

And the *soi-disant* Percy Cleverton threw himself back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Ripping establishment, Barefields. And for gooseberry the tipple isn't half bad—not half as bad as your cigs."

"Some the Syndicate sent me as a start. And they're enough to finish anything. Now you want to know what I've been up to for six years, and what the little game is now. Well, exiled from my native land by cormorantic creditors, and having dissipated a younger son's poor portion—weep for me, Charley—I found myself beneath Amurrican ske-yies, a noble vagrant. Then I became a sort of animated picture advertisement for a laundry, airing its artistry on my patrician breast. They washed me and ironed me for nothing. (Keep your countenance, old man—it's no good to anyone else, and not much to you). I adorned the foyer of a New York theatre. One night an idea hit me in the eye. I chucked the shirt-front profession and hustled the idea across the Atlantic. Now, try to be as solemn as a humorous magistrate, and be moderate with the wine if your National Insurance card isn't all right. You see before you Mr. Percy Cleverton, General Manager of the "Chorus and Coronets Limited." Lord Barefields, third son of the Marquis of Cumdown, is dead to the world. To-day I begin a new life (vide "The Silver King"). The project is to boost the blue-blood craze for petticoated mummers. We are an academy, dear boy, in which the fine art of fascinating the callow lordling is taught by an army of experts. Also men are there who make up and represent the Johnnies and Nuts, write rotten billets-doux and invitations to petits soupers, forward flowers and 'jools,' and all that sort of thing, you know. One strong feature of the curriculum is the inculcating of an innocent demure, dove-like demeanour."

The aliased aristocrat paused. The Hon. Charles Fibbs was unimpressed.

"How do you let possible clients know of the opportunity?"

"Well, glaring publicity is to be avoided. That's why we're located up a back street. We've got a host of agents at work in all the London shows, with power to add to their number. In a few years nearly all the good-looking girls will be Debretted."

"Then who remain for the high-born damsels?"

"They'll have to take a ticket for Footlightdom, or get 'left' entirely. In their own firmament they don't sparkle a nickel-worth of spark."

"What about parental opposition?"

"That can't be helped. Still there's always compensation. 'Settlements arranged. Breaches carried through.' That's one of our points."

"And where does the Company's revenue shove its way in?"

"Simple enough," answered Percy Cleverton. "The client is fenced round by a signed stamped contract to pay us fifty per cent. of her pin-money for five years, such payment not to fall below a thousand pounds. She'll dub up to save an exposé; otherwise the first-class idiot who has married her will. We are content with twenty-five per cent. of the damages where the parental or other influence blocks the marriage procession. While things are maturing, so to speak, the tuition fees meet current expenses. What do you think of the scheme? Well hatched, eh?"

"Yes, Colney Hatched. Teach the art, of assuming innocence! Sounds like carrying coals to Newcastle. Teach your grandmother how to extract the contents of the ova of commerce through orifices in the shells. What the darlings don't know in that business isn't worth acquiring. Who's financing the freak?"

"Oh, a City Mosaic. And ——. Hello! there's a knock at the door. Come in!"

"Lady to see you sir. There's her card," said something in a uniform which was also apparently of Mosaic derivation.

"Miss Pansy Peach. The Rag-Time Rose Company," read Cleverton. "Show the lady in, Spriggins."

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Percy Cleverton?"

"Yes, madam." The General Manager looked up from the bundle of spurious documents in which he had been absorbed. He gave a grotesque imitation of a strangled—

"In the name of all that is Maskelyneish and Devant, what the devil are you doing in this galley—er—ah—Pansy Peach?"

"How comical—too funny for words," said the new-looking beauty. "I've entered the profession. Just for I appear on the stage—with the other ladies, of six distinct and separate times, and stand front prompt side. Now I'm not going to wade into any puddle, but I want to play principal part in a real piece. Your company was mentioned to me by ——"

"Charley, old man, let me introduce you to my Lady Ermyntrude Evangeline Alexia. And now suppose all go down the Strand and have—luncheon.

HAL VICE

TABLOID TOPICS.

The League of Housewives of New York is agitating eggs to be sold by weight instead of by the dozen. weight for age, we presume!

* * *

A German registrar has refused to register an under the name of Henny. Quite right, too! deserved to be foiled in their attempt to play a four on their unoffending offspring.

* * *

The west wing of the Baptist Training College in Park has been let to Miss Maud Allan. If any of her pupils desire to pass through the Baptist ceremony it won't take them long to get ready.

* * *

The Suffragist pilgrims wear cockle-shells as badges. An unkind anti-suff. remarks that they also un-shell-fishly provide, in their faces, the vinegar sary for the proper enjoyment of their favourite—it —delicacy.

* * *

Two girl babies born on the mammoth liner during her maiden trip, have been christened "Imperator" and "Germanica." But this is a mere nothing to the they will call their parents when they are old enough understand what has been done to them.

* * *

Sweden, says a writer, is the impecunious bachelor's own special land. Well, we always understood that a turnip, gathered from somebody else's field, provided traditional cheapest way of getting a satisfactory meal.

* * *

The euphonium player of a Barking band has recover damages for injuries sustained in collision tram-car. At Barking, evidently, even a tram is a first bite—especially under provocation.

* * *

The greatest art is the art of "humbugging."

* * *

Few women know enough not to know too much.

* * *

Everything in this world is either lucky or unlucky.

* * *

Charity sometimes begins where repentance leaves off.

* * *

Is life worth living? Well, it depends a lot on the liver.

* * *

What every woman knows—just what the other woman thinks.

* * *

Hush money is paying a nurse-girl to remove a child infant.

* * *

Every chap's shoulder has a hollow that one little head should fit.

* * *

It may be difficult to convince a man that there is heaven if he finds any of his wife's relations there.

* * *

If every woman realised that no man can love a woman for ever, what a jolly old world it would be.

* * *

Necessity is the "mother of invention." The relative, perhaps, is that gentleman in the [illegible]

MODERN LIFE AT THE SEASIDE.—No. 4:. CLACTON.

IN STAGELAND.

I have to refer to two very regrettable defects of modern variety that have recently become strikingly pronounced. These are (1) the willingness of influential booking agents to accept as substitute for histrionic or musical worth artistes whose sole excuse for publicity is a connection, frequently remote, sometimes intimate, with citizens' distinguished in the highest walks of life; and (2) a growing tendency to entitle sketches on such very similar lines to established successes as to make the plagiarism obvious.

* * *

Thus we have at the Coliseum a lady billed as a siffleuse (beautifully gowned but "siffles" rather flat) whose relationship to famous American public men is made very apparent indeed, and Wood and Green, the former most distastefully billed as son of that glorious military patriot, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., the latter featuring his D.S.O. won in worthier days, with a performance of quite respectable amateur standard, but of limited professional value. Also we have at the Tivoli "What ho! Daphne!" which pays a great compliment to an excellently staged musical comedietta entitled "What ho! Ragtime," *not* from the London Hippodrome, and the successful production at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

* *

This reminds me that when "Hullo! Ragtime" is needing a stimulus in its honoured old age, Miss Irene Vanbrugh will probably present a new sketch by Sir James Barrie entitled "Half-an-Hour." It is intended that this latest Barrieism shall see the limelight of day sometime in the early autumn.

* *

There is just one minor sort of fly in the ointment discernible if one listens closely to the distinguished artists' enthusiastic impressions of the recent performance before Their Majesties at Knowsley Hall. It appears that some over-anxious official did not see his way clear to waste much time in courtesy or consideration of the lesser details of the stars' personal comfort, an ample compensation to which was found in Lord Derby's charm and attention.

* *

Not having heard from Mr. Griffiths or his representatives (it may be remembered by readers of my columns that he principally controls an academy for children's stage training—Stedman's of Windmill Street) I suppose it may be presumed that it is with full approval that his refined little pupils are permitted to distribute handbills in the street advertising Annette Kellerman's dancing fantasia in which they are, or were, appearing.

* * *

This is not quite such a light matter as may appear to the casual thinker in view of the fact that, as already pointed out by myself, one of these pupils is a successful and wholly desirable little actress of prominence, whose understanding of the peculiarly inconsiderate attitude of the world in general and professional institutions in particular does not approach in extent her own innocently happy outlook on affairs.

* * *

The Moss control have acquired the Prince of Wales Theatre for the production of a revue-comedy, presumably on "Hullo! Ragtime" lines, by Messrs. Max Pemberton and De Courville. This is an absolutely new departure upon which we offer our very heartiest congratulations and best wishes for an exemplary success. Who would now venture to define the line that so rigidly separated Variety from the Legitimate ten years ago?

MISS MARIE LLOYD.

They tell me that the course of true love cannot run smooth. Although I know absolutely nothing about these things, this appears to me to verge upon the truism. In any event, when such very well-denned differences of opinion as occurred recently to The Grazers should materialise into mutual recriminations of a sulphurous order it is only fair, in view of possible weak hearts among occupying adjacent dressing rooms, that windows and doors should remain closed during the debate, no matter how hot the atmosphere outside the dressing room as well.

* * *

"David Garrick" is to be seen at the Coliseum on tour as I mentioned in my preliminary announcement. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss are very ill-advised indeed in getting the good money for the genuine audiences which [illegible] the Coliseum. So far from detracting from the piece's value for people who have seen it (as is quite frequently the case) the previous production in the Coliseum seems to set a kind of hall-mark of its own on turns which have won the approval of its audiences. So that, quite apart from the strength of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks' personal [illegible] large towns will probably find "Garrick" additionally attractive when it does go on tour.

*

"Anna [illegible] Here!" [illegible] many times [illegible] various thrills, [illegible] So here we go again [illegible] let Anna go. Two [illegible] should not have believed it [illegible] that anything at all [illegible] could have converted the [illegible] Opera House into a paying concern. "Come Over Here" [illegible] deed a powerful proposition. Mr. Ben Nathan's [illegible] writing in parts for stars at frequent intervals gives a kaleidoscopic character new to revue which is a highly successful [illegible] The brainy Mr. Nathan is extremely fortunate in his lieutenant, Mr. Grover, a gentleman who displayed wonderful advertising acumen that reflects very great credit indeed upon the L.O. administration.

*

The charming Eustace G[illegible] now achieved the magnificent record of exceeding the best [illegible] of the best minstrel combinations of an age when Moore and Burgess and Christy were household words. His truly great [illegible] will have exceeded 1,000 performances before the [illegible] is well advanced.

* * *

I have received a very wrathful letter from an Italian [illegible] ing gentleman accusing me of abject art ignorance, among other things, in that I put the compound word "[illegible] pression" to base and meaningless uses. Frankly, of course, I do not know what the phrase conveys, taken in conjunction with the lamentable results of the disease, any more than any other rational person does, but Mr. Eli Hudson [illegible] that he is ashamed of me, as everyone ought to know that it is a small painting that has undergone a process of unfortunate 'impression' at the hands of our militant [illegible] while in the post." I crave pardon for an abject [illegible] that must have pained many worthy folk afflicted [illegible] anyhow, I do know now!

W.R.C.F.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU IN HER TURKISH ATTIRE.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 12.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE STORY OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, "THE ENGLISH DON JUAN" AND GRANDSON OF THE DUKE OF KINGSTON

Society is just now engaged with a little romance. Lady [illegible] Montagu Stuart Wortley, a very pretty girl of nineteen, is supposed to be engaged to the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, who belongs to the Coldstream Guards, and is heir to Lord Tennyson. Lady Rachel's father, the Earl of Wharncliffe, has just publicly refuted his daughter's betrothal, and the story behind this incident will come out ere long. But it reminds us that the course of true love rarely runs smoothly with the Wortleys, who have produced some very eccentric characters during the centuries they have played big parts in the history of their country. There was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, for instance. And [illegible] son, Edward Wortley Montagu. Surely there never [illegible] eccentric, yet brilliant, a mother and son in all history! [illegible] the daughter of Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, married the British Ambassador in Constantinople, [illegible] Wortley Montagu. She had had several children when she went to Turkey, but they are now forgotten. But that son made his appearance in the capital of the Ottoman Empire passed into the pages of history as one of the quaintest [illegible] in eighteenth-century annals.

An English Lady in the Sultan's Seraglio.

His very birth made him a subject of keen interest. His mother, being a woman of insatiable curiosity, had a great desire to penetrate the heart of the Sultan's seraglio. Death always befallen any intruder there, the seraglio being the most recess of the Sultan's harem. But Lady Mary used diplomatic influence to attain her desire. Owing to the [illegible] in which the ladies of the harem dress, nothing but their [illegible] swing, Lady Mary, enveloped in a complete Turkish dis- was able to secure admission to the seraglio. She had informed that her desire could not be gratified unless she to submit herself to the obligations of a lady of [illegible]. whether willingly or not, she "took the [illegible] few months later she bore a son, and though there sandal," and the child had the name of Edward Wortley to his dying day, his resemblance to the Sultan was noticeable, while his reputed father, the British door," hated him all his life. His mother, however, took a peculiar pride in her half-Turkish child, and in [illegible] Edward Wortley Montagu frequently alluded to his origin.

Duke's Grandson as a London Chimney-sweep.

Edward Montagu, born under such romantic circumstances, was destined to a career in accordance with his origin. He early marked a page of medical history, for owing to an outbreak of [illegible] "Constant," he was the first English child to be [illegible] or "engrafted," as his mother called it. They [illegible] him home to be educated, but he hated Western bonds, [illegible] bolted. They had placed him at Westminster [illegible] though he was inordinately clever, he could not [illegible] ment, or "managing" in any form, and one day, [illegible] -sweep of his own age, he bought the sweeper [illegible] and returned to the boy's master, where he began [illegible] a sweep. His whimsical ways and keen vein of [illegible] made him popular in the master sweep's household, [illegible] remained for months. One night a publican who [illegible] his house at closing time sent for Edward [illegible] descend the chimney of the house, and, by posing [illegible] sary of the Evil One, he succeeded in sending the [illegible] in double quick time, in the belief that the [illegible] heels. Edward Wortley Montagu might have remained a respectable London chimney-sweep to the end of his days, but for an unexpected incident. He was always a "free-liver," and having come to the end of his tether, he decided to pawn the last remnant of his former affluence, a gold watch. But, on taking the watch to the pawnbroker, the latter decided that a chimney-sweep could not be the rightful owner of so beautiful an article, and, on putting the watch into the hands of the police, Edward Wortley Montagu's real name was discovered, and he was soon hied off to his mother's house to undergo penance—and a bath!

Edward joins a Muleteer in Spain.

Once again Edward Montagu appeared in the lace and ruffles of a young gentleman of the eighteenth century. But nothing could restrain the wandering spirit which possessed him, and, though closely watched, the boy was soon off again, this time on board a ship bound for the Spanish Peninsula. Another discovery, however, soon followed. He was ordered to drive some donkeys to the local docks, and no sooner did the English Consul spot him than he was again a prisoner of the hated English aristocrats. Home again they brought him, and, with plots for escape filling his inventive brain, he sat down to his Euclid and Latin once more. But not for long. The very first time the watchful eye of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was off her son he was scouring down the lane which led to the high road to London, and, before he could be found, he was aboard a ship bound for the "Blue Mediterranean," and as happy as a sandboy. Adventure was in his blood, and nothing could crib, cabin or confine the nomad within him. No sooner did he touch soil once more than he deserted the ship to join a muleteer, who was on his way from Madrid to Salamanca. This journey proved rich in incidents, one of which nearly brought his romantic young life to an early end.

The First Liaison of the English Don Juan.

It happened as follows: The muleteer reached a village inn one night, where he intended to put up for some days. Edward Montagu was then sixteen, and knew his way about. The tavern-keeper was the father of a remarkably pretty girl of fifteen, and in "Sunny Spain" fifteen is a dangerous age. In those days they used to get the Spanish belles married before they were fifteen to save trouble, but pretty Jeanot's couch was still a virginal one. The sight of the fresh-faced English lad, with his lithe young frame and glowing cheeks, suddenly changed the current of Jeanot's thoughts. Edward Montagu's changed, too! And in and out the barns and spinneys about the tavern their hot young blood fired them to unholy desires. The day came when the muleteer was to rest in the tavern for the last time before beginning his journey to Salamanca. By this time Jeanot and Edward Montagu were feverish.

Edward Montagu's First Love Affair.

They arranged the consummation of their happiness for that very night. Edward, of course, retired early to his sleepless couch. He lay upon the straw beside the muleteer, waiting for that elderly roadster to fall into a sound and beery slumber. Jeanot also retired early, but not to sleep. With her little heart beating violently, she listened at her door, until all the house was quiet; then turned off the light and tumbled into bed. When her English lover thought the coast was clear, he ventured forth to Jeanot's chamber. Soon he knelt beside her bed, and gently groped in the dark for her perspiring brow. At last his fore-finger lightly touched Jeanot's soft, warm fore-

head, then her raven locks, then her white and swiftly-throbbing throat, and then—a huge knobbly fist caught poor Edward Montagu slick on the nose, and with monster stars blazing in the firmament he rushed he knew not whither, thankful to have escaped with his life! Jeanot's door he knew well! (How many times had he carefully examined every chink and split in it in order not to make that fatal blunder). But the rest of the house he was a stranger to after dark. The result was that in his escape he dashed through another wrong door, fell headlong across another sleeper, and received a swinging box on the ears which nearly made his love-quest a tragedy. By this time the whole house was agog, and a free fight soon was in store, everyone in the house accusing someone else of trying to rob him while asleep, the while Edward Montagu gave the tavern a wide berth and Jeanot remained the only occupant who kept quietly within her chamber!

A Disagreeable Adventure in Paris.

Edward Montagu, after several other strange adventures, was discovered by a friend of his father's, and hauled back to Yorkshire. Being practically a prisoner, he at last settled to his books, and for a few years led an orthodox career. Eventually he became a magistrate, entered the House of Commons; and became "a man about town." Quickly he ran into debt, became the prey of the money-lenders, and once more took to roving. His mother had now given him up as irreclaimable, and had cut him off with a shilling! At her death she was almost magnanimous, for she bequeathed him one guinea! Eventually, Edward Montagu broke out in Paris, and with his friend, Lord Southwell, led a fast life until an adventure of a very dubious character found him safely ensconced in a dungeon of the Grand Chatelet. His persecutor was a Jew, who alleged that Edward and his crony, Southwell, had made him drunk in order to get him to play, and then rob him of his winnings. The sum at stake was several thousands of louis, and for months Edward Montagu chewed the cud of anguish before a magnanimous judge found him innocent and made him a free man once more.

Another "Affaire" in Alexandria.

Once again Edward Montagu changed his roving life for that of a British legislator, and in the Commons of that day there were few racier speakers than the Duke's grandson, who had been a chimney-sweep and a muleteer's boy. His father had died, and Edward had come into a substantial property. "Respectability" was now his, if he had cared for it—but he didn't! The East was always calling him, and the making of pretty speeches to the galaxy of old women in the House of Commons had no fascination for the man who knew so well how to make them to the young ladies of the sunny South! "The English Don Juan" they nicknamed him, and not without reason. Before he reached the land of his birth, Alexandria provided him with a love episode which nearly brought him into serious trouble. He had left Italy with the name of an unrepentant Lothario, but this did not matter to the pretty wife of the representative of Denmark in Alexandria, as soon as Edward Montagu proceeded to "tell the tale!"

A "Scene," a Challenge, and an Escape to the Water

However, as the fair dame was squeamish, Edward Montagu arranged a plot to remove her scruples. He brought his diplomatic instincts into play in order to ensure the Danish Minister's departure for Europe, and when some weeks had elapsed, Edward Montagu showed the lady a letter from Holland, in which the particulars of the Danish Minister's death were narrated. The plot worked, and the stricken widow, of course, accepted all the comfort she could secure from the ministrations of her English consoler. For a time the Danish widow and Edward Montagu enjoyed their honeymooning unalloyed by thoughts of the "dear departed." Then, one day, the "dead" returned, and there was a "scene," a challenge, an escape to the water, and a diplomat and his wife were left to curse the name of Edward Montagu to the day of their deaths.

Edward Montagu as a Mussulman Patriarch.

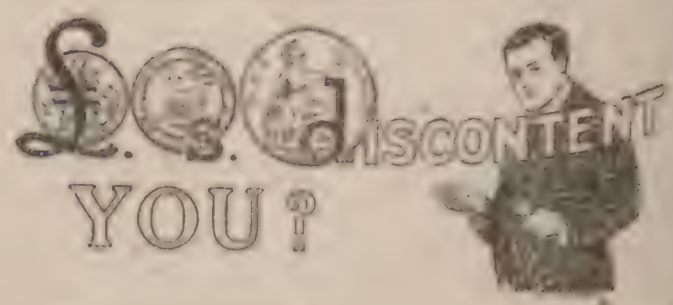
But the Duke of Kingston's grandson was destined soon to be overtaken by the vengeance of the Almighty. He had, it is true, still many years in which to set the world marvelling at his eccentricities. For a time he tried "respectability" once more, and wrote books, amongst them one of singular fascination "Reflections on the Ancient Republics." His half-Turkish blood had one curious result. Although brought up in the Christian faith, he turned Mohammedan, and, as such, made a great pose in Venice. There, in weird surroundings, and a Turkish rig-out, he received all sorts of distinguished visitors, to whom he narrated his many adventures with great gusto. The Duke of Hamilton was one of his visitors, and his Grace found a young black slave in attendance upon Edward Montagu, and an old white-whiskered man as server of the coffee. Aromatic gums formed a conspicuous part of the Oriental entertainment which the one-time muleteer offered his guests, who usually went away marvelling at the vagaries of human nature.

Tragic End of the English Don Juan.

In his old age Edward Montagu was left [illegible] property on condition that he passed it on to [illegible] at his death. This, however, was an impossible pro[illegible] Edward Montagu had led a dissipated life, which left [illegible] for matrimonial ties. He had children, of course—one [illegible] a coal-black coon. But the Law took no account of [illegible] left-handed sprigs of nobility: and as Edward Mo[illegible] making days were over, he was (one would [illegible] quandary. Not a bit of it, however! Edward Mo[illegible] found himself in a dilemma from which there was [illegible] And this time he solved the riddle by publicly adver[illegible] necessity, and the fact that he was willing to [illegible] girl who had been so unfortunate as to drift int[illegible] state without the desirable corollary of "the mar[illegible] By thus transferring his name to another man's bra[illegible] Montagu satisfied himself by being able to leave the p[illegible] to his own nominee, instead of it all going to his si[illegible] Countess of Bute, to whom his mother had spitefully [illegible] her property (except the guinea already mentioned). [illegible] Montagu was in a good way to father an unknown wo[illegible] child by an unknown man, when Fate intervened to preve[illegible] this irony. Edward was dining at Padua with Romney t[illegible] painter, when a partridge-bone stuck in his throat, and bef[illegible] proper medical aid could be obtained his end was accomplishe[illegible] and the most kaleidoscopic career on record closed in a manne[illegible] as unusual as appropriate.

Next Week:

THE MATRIMONIAL VENTURES OF MARY LADY CATHCART.



THERE are many causes for discontent, but the large majority of them can be traced to want of sufficient £ s. d.

The vast majority of men have to work for a living, and if a man cannot earn sufficient to be able to meet all calls upon his pocket, to be able to afford all that he wants for himself and for those dependent upon him, and, almost most important, if he cannot obtain a secure position so that he can look the future in the face without fear, then if he has any pluck and determination he asks himself, "HOW can I earn more?" A man cannot reasonably hope to increase his earnings unless he increases his worth. Do you desire to increase your earnings? Are you doing anything to make yourself WORTH more? Are you even enquiring how you can do so?

What CAN you do? You can do THIS: you can [illegible] that sound, up-to-date, practical training in your [illegible] out which you cannot make progress. You can have men [illegible] know how to do things to [illegible] YOU to know how to [illegible] take. The man who knows how to do things is the well [illegible] and [illegible] the man who can [illegible] in a good [illegible] Why not [illegible] You [illegible] to become a [illegible] Post now!

[illegible] Are you one of those who know HOW to do [illegible] know enough to be able to pass [illegible] want to [illegible] and [illegible] the International Correspondence Schools [illegible] students to make themselves men whom employers pay [illegible]

Employers Want I.C.S. Students

"Your system is admirable, the instruction up-to-date, [illegible] ing in a thorough manner with every subject. I shall always be pleased to recommend your Schools to any young man de[illegible] sirous of advancement, and should I have any vacancies I should give preference to I.C.S. trained men." THOMAS HUNTER, Managing Director, The Manchester Armoured Tubular Flooring Co., New Cross Street, Swinton, Manchester.

Do not rely on your present prospects, however bright they may seem. It is the trained man—and the trained man only—to whom the future is [illegible] Write TO-DAY, stating what profession, [illegible] trade you are interested in, and we will send you [illegible] information and practical advice.

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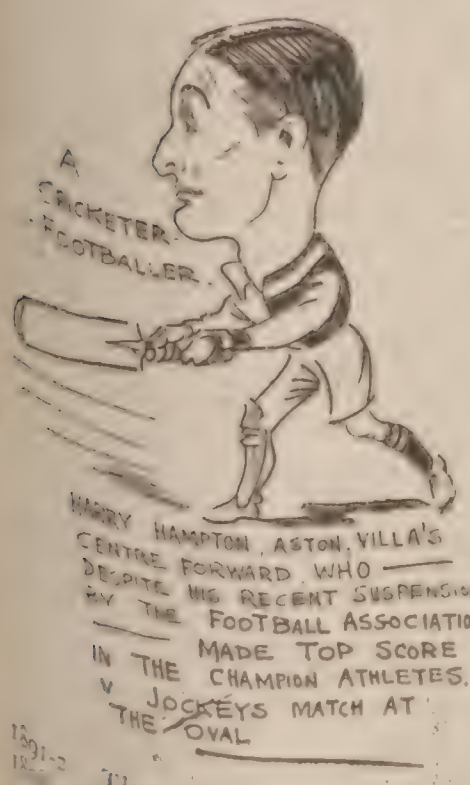
MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

1912-13 INTER-UNIVERSITY CONTESTS.

The sports' year at Oxford and Cambridge finishes with the shooting match at Bisley. Representative teams take part in four contests at Bisley, the Chancellor's Plate and the Humphrey Cup being the chief events. For the former eight fire seven shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards and for the latter competition teams of four shoot fifteen shots at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards. Exclusive of the inter-'Varsity shooting, Cambridge lead by sixteen to the nine of Oxford, and in purely athletic contests the Oxonians' successes have been in only the Boat Race, Fencing, Lacrosse, Polo, and Cross-country. Throughout the year there have been four inter-'Varsity ties, an unusually large proportion. Even at the present moment the Cambridge men have beaten their best year, which was in 1891-2 [illegible]. Then Cambridge won fifteen events to nine. In 1898-99, and in 1910-11, the records were the same, with ten and eight wins respectively.


A CRICKETER FOOTBALLER.
HARRY HAMPTON, ASTON VILLA'S CENTRE FORWARD WHO DESPITE HIS RECENT SUSPENSION BY THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION MADE TOP SCORE IN THE CHAMPION ATHLETES. V JOCKEYS MATCH AT THE OVAL

There is no such thing as a championship at Oxford and Cambridge. Each competition is run distinctly on its own. But naturally, according to the annual results, so we can [illegible] the athletic and sports supremacy of this 'Varsity [illegible]. A few years ago there was a big outcry at Cambridge that Oxford, with the great influx of Rhodes scholars, [illegible] have to be skilled in sport, in manliness as well as [illegible], before they can be recommended to a scholarship, would have an undue advantage. In speaking of the University competitions, it is as well to point out that some contests are not reckoned in published records, and it is as well to draw attention that additional competitions have been arranged during the last year. This year boxing and fencing have been separated; covered court [illegible] tennis has been added. With the decision at Bisley, we shall have to wait until the October term before seeing another inter-University competition.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Rower men are taking a great deal more interest in Monday's great event than was at one time promised. At one time it was considered that Barry would have a walk-over against Pearce, and they based their assumption on the fact that Pearce had been twice defeated by Dick Arnst. The match will start from Putney in the afternoon at twenty past three, and the exacting course will no doubt be thronged with spectators. Pearce has trained on exceedingly well, [illegible] Barry. The holder is the favourite, but Pearce [illegible] backed to lead at Hammersmith Bridge. Pearce [illegible] stronger and heavier man than Barry, there being over [illegible] difference. Barry has never altered much. Some [illegible] years ago—five—when he defeated Towns, the champion [illegible] a trifle over 11st. and a half, but Pearce turns the beam at close on 13st. It is not strength with Barry. He is considered the most scientific sculler at the present day. Science combined with strength, however, would naturally beat science alone.

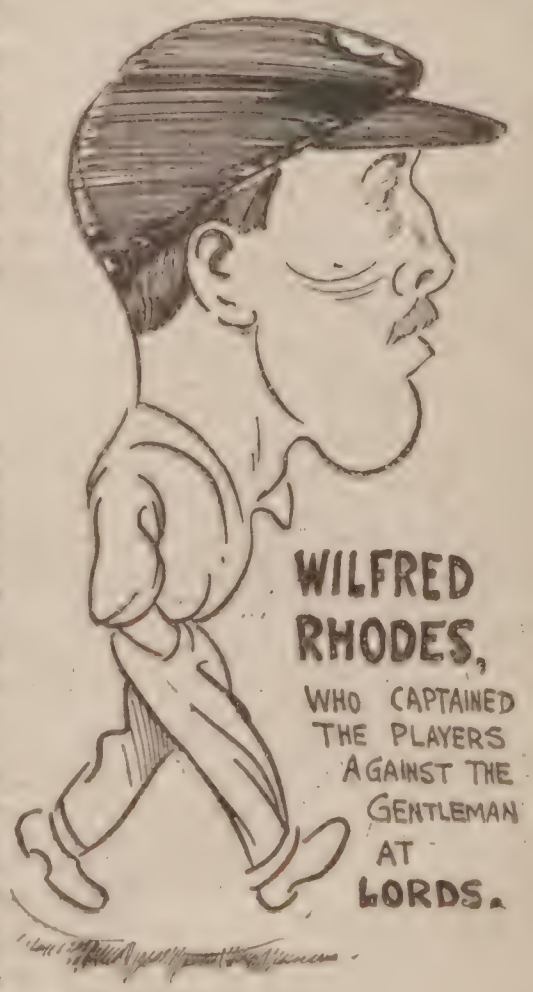
Undoubtedly the second half of the race will provide the tit-bit, and Barry might have to make up lost distance. There is a charm about the River Thames course from Putney to Mortlake, and there is a difficulty about it which does not obtain on the beautiful Paramatta, practically in Sydney; on the Wanganui, in New Zealand; on the Tyne; on the Zambesi; on the Nepean, in New South Wales; on the Lake of the Woods in Canada; or on the Akarao Harbour in New Zealand. The world's sculling match has, since [illegible] been decided on all the foregoing waters. There is one thing in Barry's favour, and that is that he has been trained by Jack Wingate for every race Barry has rowed on the Thames.

The championship trophy is a new cup, and it is the third which the proprietors of the "Sportsman" have given. The late Ned Hanlon won the first outright, and Barry won the second. Including the plinth, the new cup stands over four feet. The trustees are Lord Desborough, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, and Mr. F. I. Pitman, three great aquatic amateurs, in whose hands will be the acceptance or the declining of challenges for the championship.

THE DAVIS CUP LAWN TENNIS COMPETITION.

Form did not run riot at Nottingham nor at Folkestone, where the semi-finals of the Davis Cup competition were decided. It was expected that America would beat Germany, and that Canada would beat Belgium. It is likewise anticipated that America will beat Canada, and then will come the great challenge round between America, assuming that Canada are defeated, and England. When Anthon. Wilding beat McLoughlin so handsomely, there was a sigh of relief in England's lawn tennis dove-cotes. The clever exposition of lawn tennis, too, by the German, O. Froitzheim, against McLoughlin, at Nottingham, has also intensified the hope of England being able to emerge successfully from the ordeal of next week. Froitzheim found that his physical condition was not sufficient to stand the strain of a hard five set game and the German's admirers almost anticipated a falling away. It was a new experience for McLoughlin to lose the first two sets in the Davis Cup competition, but he did so against Froitzheim. The German was in as good form early in his match as he has proved himself against Wilding abroad, whom he has defeated. McLoughlin took all the steam out of the German, and then played with him, just as a boxing champion would treat his man, after getting him absolutely "done." Froitzheim was truly wanting in condition. Froitzheim did better against McLoughlin than he did later against Williams, and in the end America won all the five matches. Canada beat Belgium in all the four matches which were played in the competition.

Taking for granted that America will play Britain, the match will be one where tactics may provide the difference between the two sides. For dash and energy, hard play and titanic staying power, the Americans are wonderfully armed. The English players are of a different school. Anno Domini tells its own tale, but remembering how well skill and delicate finish conspired towards the defeat of the young German pair by Dixon and Roper Barrett, one may just hope that the world's doubles will be in a happy mood against the American pair.



THE WEEK'S CRICKET.

Two Gentlemen and Players matches following on the top of the 'Varsity match and with the historic Eton and Harrow match almost sandwiched, particular interest has been forced on one, in representative cricket. Just as the social side of the 'Varsity match is always most pronounced, so, too, is that side of the Eton and Harrow game. The rival colours of Eton and Harrow were more generally worn than the corresponding colours of the 'Varsities the few days before. Harrovians, young and old, were able to wear button-holes of cornflower, but the Etonians sported light blue ties. The luncheon interval parade provided bright faces and merry

laughter, while the costumes of the ladies gave famous Lord's its well-known festive appearance. The practice ground looked very gay with its tents and marquees decorated in various club colours. Light and dark blue flags flew from the flagstaffs, and the boxes were also draped with colours. Fours-in-hand were dotted all round the enclosure, and large luncheon parties were entertained on the tops of the coaches. Some people prefer the Eton and Harrow match to the match between Oxford and Cambridge. True, one gets the most delightful collection of true English beauty, and the real English girl is radiantly triumphant while the schools are doing battle. Someone once wrote that "the prevailing tone is a healthy, happy, wholesome girlishness, natural in its simple spontaneity and its rural freedom from strain and effort. The note of youth predominates the artifice of the milliner and the dressmaker. It is a softer and serener charm than the feverish splendour of Ascot and the costly exuberance of Henley."

Had I. P. F. Campbell, the Oxford captain, decided upon the bold course of putting in his opponents in the 'Varsity match, as J. H. Amory, the Eton captain, did in the Eton and Harrow game, Oxford might have won, as was the case of Eton. Oxford lost ground in their first innings and never recovered, and Harrow, by batting first, lost badly by scoring so low. It was a triumphant recovery, however, thanks to Geoffry Wilson, for, going in a second time, the Harrovians

were over 300 behind. This young cricketer had been confused with the two Wilsons who have figured for Harrow before—F. B. Wilson and T. B. Wilson. G. Wilson, however, is a brother to C. S. Wilson, another family altogether of Wilsons of which Harrow can be as proud. G. Wilson nearly succeeded in putting up a record score in the historic match, his 173 being only 10 behind the score of D. C. Boles for Eton nine years ago. It was only when seven Harrow wickets were down that Wilson was able to show his confidence, and, with Makant, a matter of a hundred runs were added. Harrow, by being beaten by nine wickets, may be said to have emerged from the struggle with credit, and it is the third time in succession that Harrow have "bobbed up serenely" as it were, after being a long way behind on the first innings. The year before, in 1910, was seen that wonderfully exciting victory by Eton, when, following on in a minority of 165, the Light Blues won by nine runs.

One of the current cricket efforts demanding notice was C. J. B. Wood's score of 164 not out, against Warwickshire at Hinckley. It is not frequently that a batsman carries his bat right through an innings, but in Cecil Wood's case it is his fifteenth, and he has done so more than any other cricketer. Louis Hall comes second with fourteen times. Grace and Barlow have ten such instances against their names, Barlow once carrying his bat right through for five runs, which occupied him two and a half hours. [illegible] Warner, and Abel have carried their bats through an innings on nine, seven, and six occasions respectively.

Wood holds the palm, for at Bradford against Yorkshire in 1911 he scored 107 not out and 117 not out, thus being in the field during the scoring of every run in the match. No other batsman has ever carried out his bat right through two innings, scoring a century each time, and [illegible] feated throughout. So scarce is the feat of carrying bat through an innings that only thrice has it been done in International cricket between England, Australia, and South Africa. Abel did it once for England, Barrett for Australia, and Zulch for South Africa.

The change from gay weather to sad weather has [illegible] upset the game of cricket, but we have wanted rain. The first match between the Gentlemen and Players at the Oval was a particularly interesting affair, and the [illegible] attended ground reminded one of the days gone by. Naturally, that match was Jessop's match. He has been before the public for several years now, but just recently he has not been giving us of his best goods. We expect quite a lot from Jessop, and there are some folks who could never get enough of him. It is often a mistake to judge a man's scoring ability by the time he takes to make his runs. Jessop, in that 107 of his received only 92 balls. [illegible] on Friday, from which he scored 77 runs; and 30 [illegible] which provided him with 30 runs. In the [illegible] Jessop received 72 balls. Thus, in the two innings he received 164 balls and he hit up 188 runs. That sounds very much better than does the fact that he was batting for so many hours, minutes and seconds.

Jessop was to the fore in the second match [illegible] but only in the first innings. The day's idleness [illegible] rain had made batting very difficult. Still, there was one man who could withstand the bowling attacks, and he was Tarrant. The Anglo-Australian is always a danger. It does not matter what the wicket is, nor how the game is going. He is a player who would have to be chosen in a world's eleven, and when Colonial sides are visiting England he is the one man who terrorises the visitors.

Later it was the grand bowling of Barnes which gave trouble to the Gentlemen, and the Players won a great match by seven wickets. By the way, it is stated that Tarrant has been invited to make one of the side for South Africa. He is the seventh—Hobbs, Rhodes, Hearne, Woods, Barnes, Booth, and Tarrant. It will be a wicket-keeper who will be chosen next, and then the full complement of eight professionals will have been used up. Of course, Tarrant has had a good deal of experience on [illegible] and that experience will stand him in good stead. [illegible] enced men, accustomed to travel and to different [illegible] are the men who would have the best chance of [illegible] South Africa on their own grounds, which up to now [illegible] been denied the real visiting England team.

A young man courts danger when the girl's father [illegible]

* * *

If money really talks, some men are fond of whispering.

* * *

The younger the practitioner of any profession, [illegible] his look.

* * *

Women wear so much false hair nowadays, it is [illegible] tell which is switch.

* * *

Some people take themselves so seriously that others [illegible] upon them as a joke.

* * *

Before you take a man's advice, see that it is the [illegible] which he follows himself.

* * *

A man seldom discovers the dangerous microbe in [illegible] until about a year after marriage.

* * *

Speech is silver; silence is golden; talking without saying anything is silver heavily gold-plated.

* * *

Speaking of philanthropists who give things to the [illegible] Many a warm heart comes from cold feet.

* * *

If a woman keeps her face closed when she has [illegible] to say, it's a safe bet she has reached the age of discretion.

* * *

It's the easiest thing in the world for a man to convince him that he ought not to work so hard during weather.

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 INCHES.

L. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men."

The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open. The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater than that of a short man. He has a dominant physique, and what he says carries weight.

Behind the counter none but the tall man is wanted. He makes a good impression on customers, his arguments carry conviction, and he builds up and improves the business.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your physique and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you taller by from two to three inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me

PROOF.

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time has elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

A. W. (Roendale) writes: "I have just been exercising five weeks. I have done my best to follow your advice faithfully, and I am delighted with results in such a short space of time. I have had physical culture courses before, but they have never done me anything like the good yours has. To begin with, I have gained almost an inch in height, and that means absolute growth, not straightening up, because I was perfectly straight to begin with. Every one of my measurements has increased a good deal. Also, I feel brighter and have more energy and vigour. My exercises have a fascination for me, and are not a burden; their variety makes them a real pleasure to perform."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

G. C. (Birmingham) writes: "I have now finished my third lesson, and my height has increased by half an inch. I consider it is very good, because I have not grown at all for about two years. I am now going strong."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers.

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Although the clouds on the political horizon are naturally tending to curtail business on the Stock Exchange, there are certain features which can hardly fail to keep public interest alive, some of which are now attracting the British investor to the Oil Share market.

* * *

A case that may be cited is that of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company, the shares of which, at the present low level of 15s. 6d., must prove attractive in the eyes of those who are on the look-out for a profitable investment.

* * *

It is a notable fact that this Company was able to show a production of 19,250 tons of oil last month in spite of a shortened period of working, and the large profits which the Company has made during the year are quite sufficient to warrant the Directors increasing the 10 per cent. dividend which the shareholders have received every year since the Company was organised in 1910.

* * *

Intending purchasers should bear in mind the salient fact that they are entitled to participate in the six-months accrued profit to April 30th last, which is equal to 1s. per share. The shares are, therefore, obviously entitled to be quoted a good deal higher than they are at the present time.

* * *

The Oil market certainly looks like being one of the most active in the near future, and my recommendations of last week have been fully justified.

* * *

Shells have advanced a quarter, Mexican Eagle an eighth, and Spies at 21s. are 2s. 6d. to the good.

* * *

The Shell company announces that very large territories in Mexico were acquired some time since, and on one of the sites purchased a first well has succeeded, giving a steady flow of oil of 200 barrels a day.

* * *

The soundness of markets is again reflected in the steady advance in prices in nearly all Home Rails.

* * *

Great Centrals show the biggest traffic increase for last week, being £6,800 better than the same period last year, and the preference stock has advanced a point.

* * *

South Eastern Deferred have been a strong market on active buying, and Great Northern Deferred are much better at 53½. Brighton Deferred are cheap at 89.

* * *

Americans have been a much more cheerful market, and good buying of Union Pacifics, Eries, and Southern Pacifics, has caused a sharp advance in prices. Eries, which I recommended a few weeks ago when 23 dollars, are now 26 dollars, and Unions are over 150 dollars.

* * *

The Southern Pacific preliminary statement showing an increase in net earnings for the year of 4,432,000 dollars was a favourable factor, and the market has also been helped by an improvement in Canadian Pacifics.

* * *

With the exception of the two or three shares that I have recommended from time to time in the Mining Market, there is really nothing to go for here, and generally the inclination is towards dullness.

* * *

Sheba Gold 5s. shares are certainly worth buying for a better price, and at the very low price at which Ashanti Gold Fields are now quoted, they should be picked up.

* * *

The £1 shares of the Simmer Deep Company can be purchased for about 4s., and any readers wishing to acquire some of these should drop me a line, and I will put them in touch with a broker who can secure them.

* * *

There is no doubt that shares in the Rubber Market are now getting down to a price that is attracting the investor, and it is quite clear that there are some really cheap [illegible] to be picked up here and there that will show an attractive yield.

* * *

The price of rubber is hardly likely to go much [illegible] than the present quotation ruling, if any, and at this [illegible] has been shown that well-managed companies can [illegible] very handsome profit, so that any of the dividend [illegible] concerns where the shares are at par, or only a slight [illegible] mium, should be safe to buy, but I strongly warn [illegible] against having anything to do with the shares of [illegible] where prices are quoted at four or five times their [illegible] value.

* * *

I cordially think we are likely to [illegible] considerable [illegible] in Oil and Home Rails, and readers with money [illegible] or speculate with should turn their attention to these [illegible]

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

R. E. Brown (Suffolk).—The stock is likely to rise, so you [illegible] hold on. Union Pacifics appear a good purchase and show a [illegible] present price of about 7 per cent. Grand Trunk Third Pref. are a [illegible] look-up, and likely to pay the full 4 per cent. during the next [illegible] months.

Speculator.—I will send you the name of a broker through [illegible] you can buy Simmer Deep, and I have forwarded your letter on to the Secretary for Bowerman's Press for 1s. shares. I should not [illegible] you to buy Chartereds just yet, as they may go considerably [illegible]. Charter[illegible]

H. S. R. (Brixton).—You should buy either Pataling, [illegible] or Yam Seng.

Anxious.—Hold your Shells; they have already improved [illegible] two or three days, and will again rise to the price you [illegible] Spies, Mexican Eagle, and Premier Oil are also worth [illegible]

Novice.—I have passed your letter on to a broker [illegible] Simmer Deeps for you, and I should advise you to invest [illegible] in Bowerman's Press 1s. shares.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE OR WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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Comic Postcards, awfully funny, 25 7c. Lovers (special) [illegible] 1s. Lists.—Ideal Publishers Co., Clevedon.

Handsome polished oak Tie Presses and Stretcher, heavily [illegible] fittings, 4s. 9d. each, carriage paid; worth 10s. [illegible] "Simplex" Manufacturing Co., 66, Balham Hill, London, [illegible]

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known 10 years. [illegible] tache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to [illegible] recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. Box 8029, "Modern Life," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

La Marquise, a daughter of Marcovil and Princess de Galles, credited His Majesty with his second winner of the season, when she carried off the Great Foal Plate at Lingfield Park. This filly was never seriously troubled after the first quarter of a mile, and the further she went the distance between her and her opponents increased. From accounts that reach me from headquarters, it is extremely probable that the royal colours will be carried with distinction by Brakespear, a youngster by Spearmint—Guinea Hen. A number of engagements have been made for this colt and he should be watched.

Yet another of our horses has been purchased to go abroad for the purpose of breeding. This time it is Demosthenes, who, as his name suggests, is by Desmond, whose stock seems in great demand. When racing, Demosthenes was the property of Mr. H. J. King, and was trained by Felix Leach at Newmarket. During his career he won five races, these being the Old Newton Cup at Haydock Park, in July last season; the Stewards' Handicap at Epsom, in June 1910; and the Doncaster Spring Handicap the same year. The remaining two victories were obtained as a two-year-old at the Epsom Spring meeting and at the Newmarket Craven meeting. His destination is New Zealand.

Mr. "Jimmy" de Rothschild has had to scratch Fortyfoot from all engagements this season owing to a split pastern. This is very unfortunate, as the horse was rapidly coming to his best, and was looked upon as an almost certain winner shortly.

Frank Wootton has occupied leading position in the jockey's championship table since season 1909, but it looks very much as if the crack Australian will have to knuckle under to either Maher or Whalley this year. Of course, while Wootton has grown very heavy the others do not appear to be putting on flesh.

Bernard Carslake, who made top score for the jockeys at the Oval last Monday, is a colonial. He did not get the patronage that his ability deserved when riding in this country, so he wisely went to the Continent, where he is riding very successfully.

What an example Great Surprise would make of Girl of the West over five furlongs. The pair met at Haydock Park, the distance being a mile, and a dead-heat was the result, the former conceding 5lb. The respective riders, Clark and Maher, were seen to great advantage, and such an exhilarating set-to between such artists sent the spectators home well satisfied.

Mr. G. D. Faber, the owner of Girl of the West, appears to be at last experiencing a well-deserved run of Fortune's smiles. Besides the above-mentioned filly his recent winners are: Queensland (twice), Uncle Pat, High and Dry, and Prim Simon. The last-named underwent a course of hurdling during last winter, and appears to have greatly benefited by it.

There does not appear to be much excuse for Stornoway's defeat at Ostend, but it may be as well to note that she was running on at the finish. The crossing was rather a choppy one, but once ashore, Mr. E. Hulton's colt soon settled down, and greatly pleased his connections in his work. I am certain that the colt did not give of his best, and shall expect a greatly improved display when next seen on a racecourse.

We have a full week's racing before us: Leicester and Ayr to-day and Tuesday; Liverpool on Wednesday and Thursday; Liverpool and Hurst Park on Friday, the last-named meeting extending over Saturday.

As is usually the case at Leicester, the principal handicap each day is a selling race. This afternoon there is the Prince of Wales's Plate, and only nine horses are left in out of an entry of nineteen. Penalised horses are usually safe to follow, and we have two likely to compete here in Gael Rhu, a clever winner at Lingfield Park, and Monard, who carried off the Bibury Stakes. Of this pair I prefer the former. Greenland Falcon is unreliable, but he usually goes well for Maher, who can ride here; and if this is so I shall expect Pickering's candidate to take some beating. Fickle Hope, who missed her engagement at Lingfield Park with a view to this race, is an animal with a similar failing, but I shall expect her to take care of Shampoo, who is not improving with age. Of those below 8st. I prefer Gotham, who

The Winner of £1,000

The Editor of "JOHN BULL" on Feb. 1st, stated:—

"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from beginning to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square, and above-board."

The "MIRROR OF LIFE" on June 7th, stated:—

"We can certify as to the equitable way in which they are carried out, and of their fairness in every particular of Mr. H. Diamond's sweepstakes."

The Winner of £200

Louvois, second in the Derby, was drawn by Mr. C. M. Davies, Whitby House, Priory Hill, Milford Haven. The £200 second prize was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race.

Mr. R. P. WEEKS,
50, Bailey Street,
Brynmawr, Brecon, South Wales,
drew "Aboyeur" in our Derby Sweep, and the first prize of £1,000 was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race. The despatch of the money was supervised by the special correspondent of "John Bull."

The Winner of £100

"Great Sport" was drawn by Mr. H. Farley, c/o W. A. Mutlow, Box 96, Post Office, Waterville, Quebec, Canada, and the third prize of £100 was despatched to him by registered letter on Monday, June 9th, in the form of a draft on the Royal Bank of Canada, made payable in Quebec.

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hails from a stable in form; but for the likely winner I shall take the top-weight,

GAEL RHU.

On the second day of the Leicester meeting a better acceptance has been declared for the Appleby Plate, and we should be assured of a good field coming under the starter's orders. My fancy is taken mostly by Crack o' Doom, Sir Max, Inaugural, and Puzzle. The last-named carries a 5lb. penalty for her Haydock Park success. Then she was retained for 200 guineas although entered to be sold for 50 sovs., so she is evidently thought something of. Crack o' Doom and Sir Max finished very close together at Gatwick last month, and as the weights favour the former I shall expect Mr. R. Mills' French-bred colt to again finish in front. Inaugural was well supported last time out, and should run prominently, but I shall again pin my faith to a penalised horse in

PUZZLE.

The Liverpool Cup is down for decision on the concluding day of the Aintree meeting. The top-weight, Stedfast, was interfered with when second to Prince Palatine in the Gold Cup at Ascot, and Lord Derby's horse should take a deal of beating, as he has done a special preparation. Mr. Sol. Joel has left in Long Set and Maiden Erleigh. If both are started, as was the case in the Royal Hunt Cup, I should be prepared to see that running confirmed, but I hear that Long Set is the most likely runner, and he should run well. Drinmore has a couple of victories to his credit this season, and is handicapped accordingly, but nevertheless still holds a good chance. Thistleton disappointed at Newmarket last Tuesday, otherwise I should have seriously considered Mr. Hulton's colt. Hippeastrum is difficult to train, and I shall expect him to do better later as he is very useful when at his best. Good accounts reach me from Ireland regarding the well-being of Knuck-na-Corriga, but I prefer others. For those below 7st. I have some fancy for Oliver Goldsmith and Aprille. The last-named is stable companion to Stedfast, and if saddled in preference should not be allowed to run loose. Oliver Goldsmith is a cast-off of Lord Derby's and finished fifth in the Royal Hunt Cup. For the winner I shall go for

STEDFAST,

who should score an extremely popular victory.

Other selections for the week are:—

LEICESTER—Monday.
Stoughton Handicap: Predominant.
Evington Handicap: Off.

Tuesday.
Oadby Handicap: Holy Wave.
July Handicap: Starboard Light.

AYR—Monday.
July Plate: Serlby Drake.
Carrick Handicap: Red Gate.

Tuesday.
Montrose Handicap: The Marker.
Cunningham Handicap: Royal Road.

LIVERPOOL—Wednesday
Windermere Handicap: Spean Bridge.
Mersey Stakes: Brakespear.

Thursday.
Cup Course Handicap: Sun Cloud.
Southport Plate: Westphalia.

Friday.
Croxteth Plate: Maycup.
Jolliffe Plate: Grillparzer.

HURST PARK—Friday.
Vyner Handicap: Whimsey.
Park Handicap: Farakabad.

Saturday.
Walton Handicap: Bridge of Sighs II.
Sprint Handicap: Irish Rose.

The Racing and Football Outlook's Football Annual (just published at one penny) is a unique publication containing much information which is indispensable to everybody in the habit of participating in football competitions. The manner in which the fixtures for 1913-14 of teams in the three leagues are tabulated makes reference quick and easy.

Doctor's Orders!

There are more reasons than those of Economy and Comfort for the wearing of Wood-Milnes. There are HEALTH REASONS. A well-known medical man, writing in one of the newspapers the other day, urged that "the perpetual, wearying, vein-racking pound of boots upon stone pavements should be minimised by a more considerate tread in footwear furnished with Rubber Heels." Why not heed that excellent advice, and why not make sure of securing the *best results* by purchasing the *proved* most resilient, the *proved* most economical, the *proved* longest-wearing rubber heels in all the world?

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Many of my readers will spend their holiday at the seaside, and the old-fashioned, but always in fashion blue serge will suit the occasion.

* * *

Blue serge looks all right on the sands in the morning, looks all right in the hotel lounge at afternoon tea, and looks all right after dinner, when you are enjoying the music from the band and a well seasoned Intimidad.

* * *

There is an immense variety in shades of blue, but for seaside wear a very light shade looks well.

* * *

If going in for a very light shade of blue ask your tailor if it is Indigo dye, the cheaper Alizarine dye, in light shade, is very apt to fade quickly, and even more than usually quickly, when exposed to sun and sea air.

* * *

As to shape of coat, the double-breasted reefer looks nautical at Margate or Cromer, and is quite all right for town wear, later on.

* * *

If you have an idea that the double-breasted coat with two thicknesses of cloth in front will be too warm for the present season, then select a slightly thinner serge.

* * *

Have your rain coat made with a deep, soft roll and the button-holes worked on both sides. You may not have examined button-holes at all minutely, but they are, as a rule, made with the outside smooth, finished, and neat, but the reverse side rough and unfinished.

* * *

For any deep roll coat the button-holes must be worked on both sides alike.

* * *

Turned-back cuffs are a slight addition to the rain-proof coat, but they should be fairly narrow, with a neat V shape opening.

* * *

Turned-back cuffs should be made so that they will really turn down and show the same material right through, or be stitched on as a fixture.

* * *

In a recent issue I gave my ideas as to what constituted a genuine homespun, and I regret to say that I have been called to task as to the complete accuracy of my views on the subject.

* * *

As my critic is an authority on homespuns—one who has frequently appeared in the Law Courts as an expert witness upon them—I am bound to pay attention to his criticism.

* * *

His objection to my definition of what constituted a genuine homespun is that I did not carry the operations sufficiently far back, i.e., to the carding, or combing, of the wool.

* * *

His point is that the combing of the wool by hand is an important factor in the characteristics of the homespun, in that this, necessarily, gives a longer staple or thread in the wool, which is spun into the yarn, afterwards woven by hand into cloth.

* * *

I believe he is correct in this. However, my fault, in what I wrote, was one of omission, not of commission.

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